

The Evening World.

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MAKE IT INCLUSIVE.

IT IS plain enough that submarine operations of the most active sort are being carried on by the Teutonic allies in the Mediterranean. Yesterday brought news of three more steamships torpedoed before this country is yet in possession of the full facts regarding the sinking of the Persia.

Submarine attacks in and about the English Channel seem likely to be outdone by similar warfare in the great middle sea. As yet there has been no effective attempt on the part of the Entente Powers to hunt down submarines in the Mediterranean. There the undersea craft are having a new carnival of destruction.

Where they have come from matters little. They are there, and the menace they bring to travellers on merchant ships, American citizens included, is as grave as it was when the Lusitania was sunk in northern waters.

We had, we hope we still have, a satisfactory understanding with Germany, yes, and with Austria-Hungary also, as to the conditions of submarine attack.

But how many submarines are now prowling in the Mediterranean? Are they all German or Austrian? Or shall we presently learn that some are Turkish or even Bulgarian?

Before we get a grip on the submarine question as it affects international rights which we have set out to maintain it begins to look as if a final blanket manifesto on the subject would have to be delivered under the United States seal in Berlin, Vienna, Constantinople and Sofia.

WHERE THE MONEY GOES.

THE retiring Sheriff of New York County reports to Gov. Whitman that during his two years in office he received \$90,000 in fees and \$24,000 in salary—making a total of \$114,000, or \$57,000 a year.

This pay, Mr. Grifenhagen frankly declares, is excessive. There are no claims against the Sheriff which could not be avoided by proper legislation. And "so far as the functions of the Sheriff of New York County are concerned which relate to the enforcement of criminal law, the office might as well be abolished." Fifteen thousand dollars a year, Mr. Grifenhagen thinks, would be handsome pay for the job.

The difference between \$15,000 and \$57,000 is \$42,000. Taxpayers in this city could find plenty of uses for such a sum annually.

Take the Public Lecture System, to go no further. There is widespread disappointment at the scant number of lectures announced for the early weeks of the new year. A million and a half adults in this city have come to look forward each season to these lectures as eagerly welcomed opportunities for pleasure and improvement. Distinguished lecturers are glad to offer their services for fees that hardly cover their expenses. Yet the amount appropriated by the city for this admirable form of public instruction is this year cut almost in half.

At \$10 a lecture, the nominal fee now customary, \$42,000, plus the cost of light, heat, etc., would provide 4,200 chances for citizens of New York to increase their knowledge and widen their interests.

A better use for the money than dumping it into an ancient county office which a metropolis no longer needs.

MORE ALLURING EACH YEAR.

THE Automobile Show this year is a greater exhibition than ever and reminds us the country was not so hard up that it couldn't spend \$586,856,450 on passenger motor vehicles during the past twelve months.

The motor car industry is one of the first to respond to the promise of prosperity, and the auto manufacturers are preparing to crowd production to the limit the coming year.

But the motor car is more than the plaything of the well to do who hardly miss the money it costs. One-third of all the cars in use in this country are in ten agricultural States. It would be interesting to know on how many farms where the farmer keeps an auto the farmer's wife still carries water from the pump and toils in a kitchen that lacks the commonest modern conveniences.

No doubt in many instances she herself would rather cook meals in a woodshed and have a car to take her to town and back of an evening. Maybe her life is happier and her mind more active because of a sacrifice that to others would seem all against her.

Few American families who make both ends meet have the slightest difficulty in convincing themselves that an auto would be the wisest investment they could make. Mother and children are sure of it, and father probably already has an option on one.

We wonder if any invention in the history of the race ever in so short a time tempted so much money out of all sorts and conditions of pockets.

"Wedding Bells, or The Empire of Love."
"Is Marriage a Failure, or Did God Blunder in Eden?"
"Is Marriage a Necessity, or Have the Bachelor and Spinster a Mission?"
"Is an Engagement Sacred, or The Tragedy of Broken Hearts?"
"Is the Clandestine Marriage Elevating, or Does Secrecy Prophesy Happiness?"
"Is the Husband a House Band, or The Peril of Absentee Fatherhood?"
"Is the Wife a Homemaker, or Does the Modern Woman Qualify?"
"Is the Commercial Marriage Safe, or Is It Matrimony or a Matter of Money?"
"Is the Home Society's Bulwark, or The Mansion, the Tenement and the Flat?"

No, gentle reader, this is not a collection of headlines from a yellow newspaper. It is the list of topics announced by a Baptist preacher over in dear old Brooklyn. For further attraction to the show 125 voices will sing psalms in the choir loft. Something doing? Eh?

Perilous Waters

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By J. H. Cassel



A New Study-Peril

By Sophie Irene Loeb.

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THE gray haired father of several children, a man well known in the world's work, made the following significant statement and asks parents to consider it seriously:

"I wonder if our children are not being overfed in new philosophies these days. I wonder if the doctrine of freedom of thought, freedom of speech, freedom of action is not now being talked too loudly to youth. My daughter, a college girl, came home for the Christmas holidays filled up with ideas about 'individuality,' 'self-interest,' 'feminism,' 'self-assertion' and a lot of other precepts for mature minds—already analyzed, solved and labelled by her.

"She had heard lectures on these things and had decided about them to her own satisfaction. While the days are gone when 'children should be seen and not heard,' yet I wonder if it is wise for them to hear so many of these new-fangled dogmas when the young mind is hardly able to put them where they rightfully belong.

"For example, my girl proclaims that the pursuit of happiness lies in satisfying herself only. She argues that, while she must consider others to some extent, her own wishes should come first. Further, she proceeds to cite authorities on the subject. In view of this and the various new philosophies that are being propounded everywhere to-day would it not be better to have a firm checkrein on the education of our children and find out what new doctrine is to be absorbed by them?

"When my wife and I remonstrate with the children we are made to feel that we are 'back numbers,' behind the times, etc. It seems to me that a little bit of the old-fashioned idea of stability, a little more modesty of thought and a little less freedom of action among our youth would be worth while."

The foregoing is certainly worthy of consideration. "Do our children learn too much?" is a question in the mind of many a mother who is made to feel that she is out of the running because of new propaganda that is being forced on the growing mind. Every little while a new cult is formed, a new "ism" is established, and usually it is the young brain that is most impressed with it if allowed to give it full study. Every time an exposure is made of some far-fetched faddist philosophy it is the young person who is found immersed in its dangerous doctrines.

Wise, indeed, is the parent who sees to it that only the wholesome things are put before immature minds.

Especially dangerous at the present time is the broadcast theory that only one's self is to be satisfied on the high road to happiness. Better tell children that very often the sacrifice of one's own wishes and of one's own interest bring the greatest happiness. It will go a long way toward creating the spirit of brotherhood that is so often preached and so little practised. Especially in this most necessary in the big city, where the neighborly interest is lost sight of and the selfish spirit naturally encouraged accordingly.

Why Your Clothes Are Not Becoming

By Andre Dupont.

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A SILVER ORCHID WITH A SIMPLE GOWN.

some ball or opera frock, I have yet to see the costume that a spray of posies does not beautify if the colors are carefully chosen.

This season the shops are full of the most charming corsage bouquets, shoulder knots and tiny garlands of artificial flowers intended to be used for this purpose. Many very pretty bunches are comparatively inexpensive. Orchids in pinkish lavender or in darker purple shades are very effective on certain frocks, while on others a single large rose or a bouquet of small mixed blossoms (mignonette, tiny pink roses and perhaps forget-me-nots) are better suited to the style of dress or the age of the wearer. Gold and silver flowers make most effective touches on handsome toilettes. In fact, so highly fashionable have these become that many of the large shops have a separate counter for the posies, imitating precious metals.

Our illustration shows a simple home frock made both distinctive and becoming by the addition of a silver orchid with a deep pink centre. Some of the loveliest of these gold and silver flowers have a bit of color about them. There are roses with gold or silver petals and vivid blue velvet combined with purple or pink or green.

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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ND now, after a digression, let us go back, please, to Mr. Jarr, Mr. Berry and Mr. Rafferty, and the dicker for the team of dapple grays. Mr. Berry, the undertaker, was, you remember, trying out Rafferty's horses with his own professional equipment.

"If any of my friends could see me only now!" moaned Mr. Jarr, who sat beside him.

He looked at Mr. Berry with a strong inclination to give a horrible yell and knock that smug individual from the box seat of the hearse beside him. Had Mr. Berry ventured one word to him at this moment Mr. Jarr would have done it. But Mr. Berry chirruped to the dapple grays and guided them through the teeming streets, well pleased at the smart yet dignified action of the span.

"Well, are you satisfied?" asked Mr. Jarr finally. "The horses, while sufficiently spirited for your business, do not seem to be nervous. They have not shied at automobiles, trolley cars or children whooping and rushing across the street under their noses. I guess you take them from Rafferty, eh? What?"

"The test has hardly begun," replied Mr. Berry. "Now for temptation such as lured Clarence, my very sagacious horse, who has been led by his own disaffections into the movies!" added Mr. Berry, and he guided the horses drawing the hearse close to the curb by the side door of a saloon.

But the dapple grays evidently thought they were hitched to a water wagon rather than a hearse, or it may have been that they were conscientious horses of the highest probity who had promised their mothers never to drink. Perhaps, too, they had heard of the awful fall from grace of Clarence—lost to the respectable profession of hauling a hearse and gone into moving pictures through addiction to drink! In any case, the dapple grays passed on by the side door of this and half a dozen other saloons without giving them a glance, let alone halting or faltering.

Mr. Jarr felt very thirsty. But who was he that he should set a bad example to a pair of dapple grays going into the very respectable undertaking profession?

"You see, they are all right," said Mr. Jarr finally. "Let us drive back to Rafferty's stable and close the deal."

"I am not half through with the test yet," replied Mr. Berry. "I remember that when Clarence first became addicted to drink he would halt only at roadhouses, and saloons in the city did not appeal to him. At first he only cared to loiter at roadhouses, on his way back from interments. Then a beer advertisement on a signboard would cause him to halt, even when heading the cortege. Finally, he became lost to even the shadow of respectable pretense and at last he balked when passing a brewery and held up the cortege in a most embarrassing manner and finally had to be removed from the scene."

So when Mr. Berry remarked that

Sayings of Mrs. Solomon

By Helen Rowland

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MY DAUGHTER, harken unto the Parable of the Wise and Foolish Virgins of Babylon; for therein lieth the Great Feminine Lesson.

Behold! I wandered into the House of Mirth, which is called a Tango Palace, and there I observed an hundred damsels at their work.

And lo! they were clad in tulle and chiffon and sweet smiles and poudre de riz and vanity.

Their skirts were shorter than a summer flirtation; and their sleeves were less tangible than a modern man's proposal of marriage. Their cheeks were brighter than rubies, and their glances more cordial than a country postmaster.

And I marked how they hung upon the men's shoulders when they danced, and upon their lightest words when they spoke.

And, whosoever the men went they followed them with their eyes, and pursued them with flattery and compliments and their "Oh-how-clever!"

Yea, they were so entertaining!

But, alas! the men were colder than a Monday luncheon, more apathetic than a pet cat and more critical than a New England conscience.

And their BOREDOM was without measure!

And I was filled with compassion for the women, and departed, saying:

"Verily, verily, they are blinder than Justice; for they cannot SEE that they have got the Wrong Dope!"

New, it came to pass that I wandered unto the House of Sadness, which is called an Hospital.

And there I observed an hundred Wise Damsels at their work.

And, behold! they were clad in garments of calico; and their sleeves were longer than a dull sermon, and their collars higher than their ideals.

Yea, even their curls were hidden beneath a cute cap.

And I marked that they went softly and quietly about their work; and their smiles were enigmatic and their words were few.

Yet, lo! they were more fascinatingly mysterious than a detective story and more seductive than a Hawaiian orchestra.

Yea, they were so coy!

And the men gazed after them with looks of adoration, and the air was filled with sighs and murmurings and proposals of marriage.

And I said in my heart:

"Aha! the Trained Nurse hath found them out! Yea, she hath got them GOING!"

Verily, verily, I charge thee, if thou wouldst make the "sex-appeal,"

ADVERTISE not thy charms, but cover thyself with many veils, wind thyself in many folds and conceal thine ankles 'neath a bushel of frills.

For, behold! it is not that which is dung AT a man which fascinates him, but that which is DENIED him.

And, alas! what profiteth it a maiden, though her "lines" be cast in pleasant places, if she use not the right BAIT?

For I say unto thee, she shall catch nothing but MINNOWS!

Selah.

Dollars and Sense

By H. J. Barrett.

"GILT-EDGE bonds, first mortgages and occasionally the purchase of a piece of real estate; that's where my surplus goes," remarked the proprietor of a large housefurnishing establishment. "You can't interest me in that auto accessory."

"But if this succeeds, and it's sure to," countered the promoter, "the capital you invest will yield you dividends far in excess of the interest you receive from your present type of security."

"Yes, and to insure its success I'd have to devote a good deal of my time and thought to it," was the reply, "and that's exactly what I want to avoid. One thing at a time is my policy. That's a lesson I've learned by harsh experience."

"Some ten or fifteen years ago I was induced to back a new invention which, after a most searching investigation, looked mighty good. I put about \$15,000 into it and then found it necessary to devote a good deal of time to it. The inventor was all right in his line, but had no idea of how to secure distribution and create a market. In order to protect my investment I gave three days a week to the project for a period of two years. Furthermore, most of my thought and

attention outside office hours were concentrated on the problems which arose in connection with the new device."

"What was the result? During that two years I was forced to take more of my competitors' dust in my own line of business than ever before or since."

"Mitchell evolved the idea of selling furnished houses for a small payment down and got away with it."

"Tavis installed a free bureau for unfurnished houses both for sale and to let and cornered a lot of business. Johnson tied up all the real estate men on a commission deal."

"As a result, my business, although it did not actually decrease, failed to increase at a normal rate. Finally got rid of my outside interests and once more gave my every waking thought to this establishment. The results were soon apparent. Although the outside venture apparently showed me a handsome profit, actually it cost me money."

"My present investments net me but 5 per cent, or 6 per cent a year, but they leave my mind free to conduct a business which nets me three or four times that percentage."

"Bring me some first mortgages or good bonds and I'll talk business. But a speculative proposition—nothing doing."

Betty Vincent's Advice to Lovers

IF you make a promise you should do everything in your power to keep it—whether you are a young man or a young woman. Some girls, especially, have an idea that their value is enhanced if they break engagements, "forget" promised dances and in other ways show that their caprice is more important than their word. Women—probably because, for so many centuries, she has had to cheat to get her own way—do not possess so keen a sense of honor as men.

A promise should not be made lightly, but when made it should be kept. There are a few legitimate excuses, such as the severe illness of one's self or a member of one's immediate family, for missing an appointment, but when this has involved pleading one's word almost nothing should interfere with it.

"M. O." writes: "I recently became engaged to a young girl, and not long after a man who is a perfect stranger to my fiancée got her address somehow, and wrote to her, saying he would like to make her acquaintance, and asking for her photograph. She answered the letter and told me nothing about it until a month afterward. Did she behave properly?"

Certainly not, she had already promised to be your wife.

"J. G." writes: "I paid attention to

in a horse ambulance. Then it was I knew that Clarence and I had come to the parting of the ways. I sold him to a milkman. At first, the unconventional hour of coming home appealed to Clarence. This wearing off, he would only deliver milk at cafes. His downfall was rapid, and, as I have said, Clarence is now in the movies."

Mr. Jarr could only rejoice that no one of his large and varied acquaintances had as yet beheld him riding around on a hearse beside an undertaker, who looked his part. That is, Mr. Jarr had seen no one he knew—but had any one he knew seen him?

So when Mr. Berry remarked that

they would drive to the outskirts of the city to see if the dapple grays had any inclination to stop at roadhouses—the predilection that had pre-empted the moral collapse of Clarence—Mr. Jarr eagerly consented.

The excursion to the suburb was made, and the dapple grays bore the test with great credit to themselves. A roadhouse interested them no more than a grocery store, it would seem. And Mr. Berry turned them back to the city, well pleased with his prospective purchases.

The dapple grays trotted nimbly to the neighborhood of Rafferty's stable. And just then the catastrophe occurred. A catastrophe so fearsome that we must take another day to tell it.